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☆MumuAlpaka

Book of Calmness

by Imrann Dinno

*This Book of Calmness is Dedicated to Marianne
Whom is always there during my hardest of time
When no one else is ever around*

*Marianne is a fictional character of this Book, and its only bound to my written words
and of my humble thoughts of her*

*Thank you for supporting me by purchasing of this book, as it keeps me afloat from time
to time, I hope you enjoy reading it*

I really appreciate it, feel free to follow me on social media

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INTRODUCTION

This storybook, The Book of Calmness is one part of four separate books. After a decade of writing, I have decided to release this book for reading pleasure out there. Hope you enjoy reading!

Book I - Book of the Beautiful Person

Consists of short individual stories in chapters which tells the main overall story. Chapters in Book I can be long or short depending on the story it holds. Unfortunately, this book is still under development.

Book II - Book of Calmness (MAIN ARC)

It's the main story arc, of the stories that happen in the protagonist life-cycle. Fortunately, in this book it is also compiled with the final chapter, which is also an in advanced compilation ending of all the other books.

This book currently **includes** all the additional writings in which I have plans in the future to further deepen the stories between all the Story Arc, that will also come with additional artworks, and more developed side-stories enveloped within them.

- (a) *Red Princess Arc*
- (b) *Winter Olympics Arc*
- (c) *Ice Princess Arc*
- (d) *The Challenger Arc*

Book III - Book of Her Children (Mischievous Children)

Short Side stories of what will happen in the protagonist children life and of their adventures. Still under development, however there might be a possibility it would never be published, but if it did anyhow manage to get on the shelves, it should be like those short-stories light enough for even future generations to read.

Book IV - Book of Darkness

Stories and adventures of the Dark Princess, Selinia and the Mei'li de ren. Most probably will never see the light of day, in literal meanings lol. Well I could be wrong as book writing is a lifelong process. The genre is book is more like travelling into the dark realms of hell, and living nightmares are a norm, and most of the time the stories, it never really ends there.

Terminologies

In this section is to clarify any terminologies that I felt maybe confusing if not explained early, but I sometimes explain it again over and over in other chapters so my dear readers would not feel so confused because some of them are potentially from the working class and possibly have to read this book from time to time. It's good to have a simple understanding before going to the difficult parts of the story writings.

Mei'li de ren - The word is actually in Mandarin which refers to as "A beautiful person", its inspired from one of my favourite songs.

Mandrake - An imaginary created creature that exists from the subconscious of the Mei'li de ren. At first only the Mei'li de ren can see them, but after a while they exists into reality, while others can also see and feel them. The Mei'li de ren saw them as loyal pets, intelligent and honest like toddlers, and well behave creatures of the heavens.

The Mei'li de ren and Marianne, are husband and wife, whenever they had conversations it be like "my dear", "dearest", "most beloved one", or by their given ranks. They never called each other with any other names between them. However, if the Mei'li de ren was being idiotic out of no reasons, Marianne would shout at him using his birth name, which is also the author's real name. However most of the time, Marianne sees this as blatant attempts at getting her attention.

Similarly, the author in real life, usually will get on people nerves sometimes, it is his way of living his normal daily life, like trolling friends over the internet with memes, or making funny jokes and gestures and anything of the sort.

His pet Mandrakes however will call him by his nickname, which is “Mumu” ~ Mumumandrake actually means, Mumu’s own Mandrake, which refer that the Mei’li de ren has exclusive ownership rights over that Mandrake, while Mumidrake refers to his alternate persona’s Mandrake by the name of Princess Mumi whom is an interesting person living in deeper parts of his subconscious.

Their difference of the Mandrakes in appearance is at the colour of their fur, the lighter the colour of their fur, means they are female mandrakes, while if their fur colours are deep and dark, they are male Mandrakes. The Male Mandrakes are often more dominant than the female ones, however this could not be true all the time. Similarly like our human population, some ladies might be more into dominance in some point of their lives later, but let is not discuss this as this is not that kind of book to begin with.

The Mei’li de ren’s daughter (in the distant future) will call to her father as “father” well, in a short note, sometimes “lord” or “king” depending on situations. The Mei’li de ren will reply back to her not by her given birth name, but as “daughter” or “daughter of Marianne” which is their Mother’s name, and it depends on which Mother that gave birth to them. As the author, my personal opinion is that while I know his family can be a bit strange when it comes to naming sequence among each other, but it’s how they earn to respect each other at that particular time and space.

Allahua'lam (Only God knows more)

About the Author

He started writing during high school, where often during the late afternoon classes, he felt amnesiac and often fallen asleep during classes. Which later he found out it was closely related to the ADHD, a neurological condition.

Years later, he started writing on his personal blogs, recorded partial of his dreams stories that he had experience from time to time. Then, at a certain point in time, he realized that there was a story behind all of his dreams, which after 20 years leads to the creation of this book. He also loves Alpacas and made them into his spirit creatures. Aside from writing he also does his own Digital Artworks by the nickname of “Mumu Alpaka” during his free time or when he has inspirations. The author was born in Brunei Darussalam, but sometime around late-90’s permanently reallocated to Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia along with his family.

This book is also fully made by him, from the layout design, wonky proofreading, digital artworks and publishing efforts as well. He wholeheartedly appreciates all of his family and friends whom supports him both mentally and spiritually. He also thanks the creator, whom has been his best silent reader and listener during his writing phases, which is also His source of inspirations. Aren't we all not, living inside of His consciousness?

With lots of love....

Imrann Dinno (Author)

Mumu Alpaka (Pen Name or Screen Name)

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Disclaimer

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the products of the author’s imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, businesses, companies, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

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Contents

INTRODUCTION	3
Terminologies.....	4
About the Author	6
Copyright & Legal	7
CHAPTER I: MARIANNE	13
Her Character	13
Home	15
Clouds.....	17
Calmness	19
A Simple Sketch of Her	22
960 Hours	24
Memory Invocation.....	25
A Sleepy Morning After	27
CHAPTER II: MARIANNE’S HOUSE	28
Watering the Plants	28
The Scroll of Opportunity.....	29
Planting Tomatoes	29
Roof Tops	30
The Higher Gardens	32
Cooking food	33
The Hidden Library	35
Her Name	36
CHAPTER III: THE AWAKENING OF THE MEI’LI DE REN	38
The Winter Armored Guardian	38
The Eye	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER IV: FOREST	Error! Bookmark not defined.
The Forest	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Waiting for someone	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Forest creatures	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER V: THE RIVER.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
The side of the river	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Singing in the Garden	Error! Bookmark not defined.
The Fountain	Error! Bookmark not defined.

Reminiscing	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER VI: PRINCESS NENA.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
The Second Heart	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER VII: RESTING AT HER PLACE.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
The Sakura Tree and The Savanna Tiger	Error! Bookmark not defined.
The Crescent Moon and Stars in Our Hands	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER VIII: ALPACAS	
Alpacas forest.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
My Brave One.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
The Vast Empty Plains	Error! Bookmark not defined.
By the Lakeside	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Walking around in her Garden.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Fences.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER VIII: FESTIVE.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
A festive time	Error! Bookmark not defined.
The lecture about Time	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Winter	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER X: BEDROOM	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Her Bedroom.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
The Wedding	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER XI: THE NEW CLOAK	Error! Bookmark not defined.
The Mei'li de ren new Cloak.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
New Beginnings.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
The Children, and the Emerald Lake	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Infinite Feedback loop.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Flower garden	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Silent visit	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER XII: SOL	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Spear of Light (SOL).....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Cute Pajama	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Shades of Green	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Inner-side of the Lake	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER XIII: RED PRINCESS ARC	Error! Bookmark not defined.

Mumumandrake	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Re: Creation.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
The Red Princess	Error! Bookmark not defined.
White Mumidrake	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Marianne Garden Again	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Conversations.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Back at His Garden	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Total Nightmare	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Honest Mistake	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Full Reset	Error! Bookmark not defined.
The Red Drake	Error! Bookmark not defined.
The Red Drake II	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER XIV: WINTER OLYMPICS ARC	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Winter Olympics.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Winter Olympics II.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Winter Olympics III: The Major Games	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Winter Olympics IV: The Princess of Darkness Part I.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Winter Olympics IV: Returning powers Part II	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Winter Olympics V: The Red Princess v 2.0	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Winter Olympics VI: White Drake feels weird in her tummy	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Winter Olympics VII: The Crimson Wizard clothes	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Winter Olympics VIII: The Surprising Morning	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Winter Olympics VIV: The Major Games II Part I.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Winter Olympics VIV: The Major Games II Part II.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Winter Olympics X: Ice Princess Memories	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Winter Olympics XI: Premonition	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Winter Olympics XII: The New dress.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Winter Olympics XIII: Xmas party	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Winter Olympics XIV: Melancholy	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER XIV: ICE PRINCESS ARC	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Selinia's Memory Terminal.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Inside the Ice Princess's tent.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
The Ice Princess Gardens	Error! Bookmark not defined.

A Distant Dream	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Nuclear Powered Water Pump	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Growth and new beginnings	Error! Bookmark not defined.
The Diamond Drake	Error! Bookmark not defined.
The Diamond Drake II.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Back at home at Marianne's	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER XVI: THE CHALLENGER ARC	Error! Bookmark not defined.
A lazy morning.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Marriage Proposal.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Princess Atria.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Honeymoon.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
New Home.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Unknown	Error! Bookmark not defined.
The Return of the Crimson Wizard	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Story and tales.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Multi-colored Light Tunnels	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Becoming one again	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Wizard Challenge	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER XVII: MANDRAKE HEAVEN.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
The Party of Mandrakes	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Bedside Stories.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
The Fateful Morning.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Downtown.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
The Cashew Tree	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Opening Day	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Underground Drag Race.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Eternal Eden	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Roller Coaster Mayhem	Error! Bookmark not defined.
CHAPTER XVIII: COMPLETE.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
The Gathering of the Ancients	Error! Bookmark not defined.
The White Princess.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Princess Mumi.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Mind Dive	Error! Bookmark not defined.

CHAPTER I: MARIANNE

Her Character

The moment when we were close with someone for over eons, we shall understand their character that the person brings, partly that is how we know that if we have met the right person for us.

Always quietly looking at that silent side of hers, when she doesn't notice it.

A woman's beauty in my perception, lies in her silence. She whom takes a brief moment to digest everything in her mind, and only selecting the right words to be heard by the person she loved and adored.

She only talks when is needed, and what is needed to be heard.

Her happiness lies in her image, of her priceless smile on her face, spotless of any distortion, right from her heart.

She is strong in her argument, but she never shouted, never shouted and always forgive herself, when she had made an honest mistake, but she rarely makes those mistakes.

Courteous personality, yet confounded like a personality that kept so many things in her mind.

Other girls perhaps seen her, as someone that comes from a distant land not known to many, there was no way they could get even near her, not even for a second.

How she sword dance all alone, the beauty and elegance behind all the soft movement shows how delicate her bones were, while showing a pure balance between offense and defence.

She was my most favourite sparring partner and my closest friend in the Gardens of Eden.

Even thinking about her, cured all of my sickness and my overshadowing weaknesses.

Indeed, the light inside of my heart, and Marianne is her name.

This is all of her characteristics.

In that very place.

The land of flowers.

Everywhere we go, as you saw me in my other form, the one that has a very serious look and never spoke a single word at all for almost an eternity. It is not that I could not talk, but I believed that in that place, words are not anymore needed.

Words, are left behind in the older worlds as we set forth to leave them behind permanently.

The winds, that guides us to different shores. In a blink of our eyes, everything that we see changes, the environment changes even our sense of time changes.

Nothing was ever real to begin with. It was all but a dream.

Home

After walking for a distant, I felt tired but there was a place where I must go. I continue walking up following a pathway where small animals would normally use. I continued to walk until I met with a garden of flowers up to a path on a hill. In a far distance, I saw a small house with some smoke coming out from its chimney.

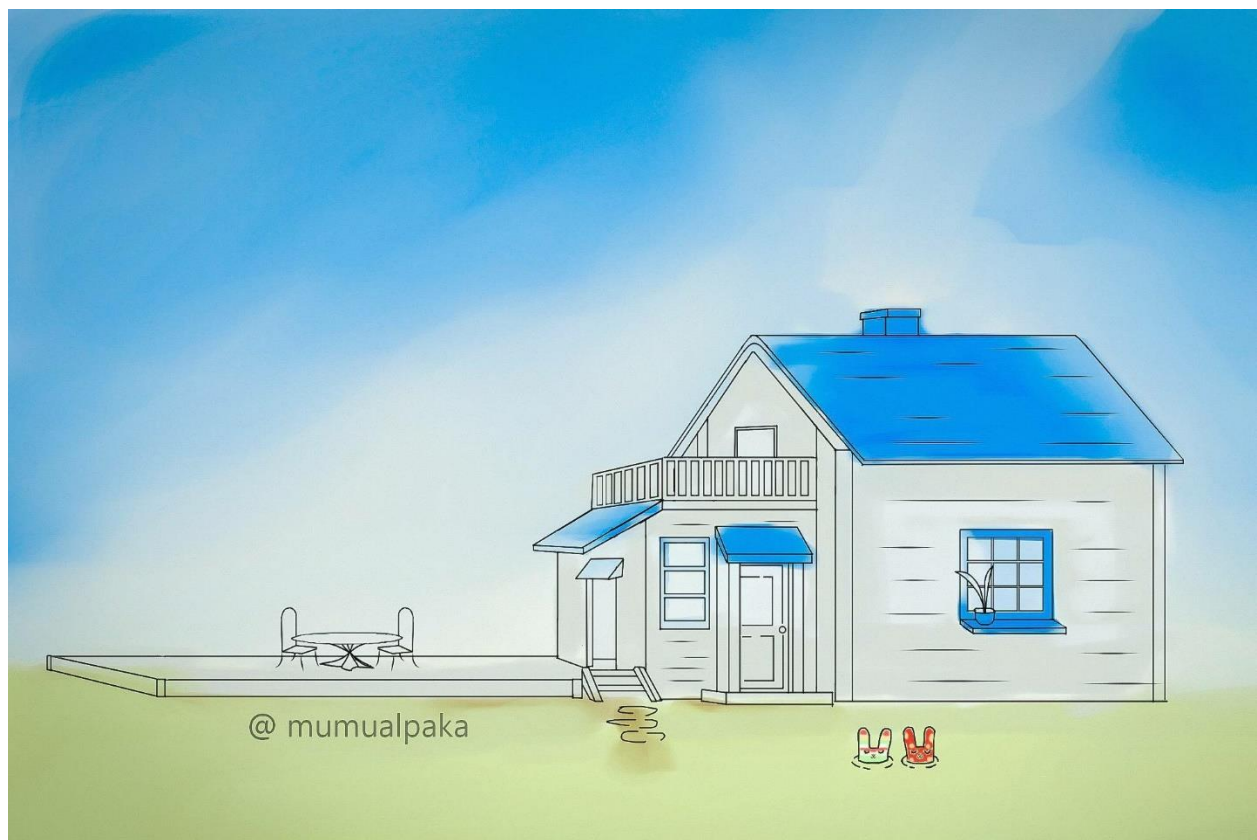
Someone is cooking something nice I thought.... I felt a little hungry after my long journey here.

How many days or years I have been aimlessly walking, and where did I end up? I was not sure of myself. As I continue on walking upwards, there was this calm breeze that touched my calm heart, a warmth that I never felt before. A few seconds passed as my vision faded away for a while and before I know it, as I was looking at the direction of the house, there was where she was standing there....

She was thin and beautiful, pure white yet blissful and meaningful in a way which my eyes could ever see. I believe it was our first meeting, but somehow looking at how she looks back at me, it was as if she saw a living ghost, and she knows a lot about me already, knows whom I really was. She

welcomed me into her house there were no gates.... It was just a house on top of a hillside.

Suddenly, my tongue uttered a word "I'm back...." and with a sad looking smile, almost controlling her emotions to cry, she just smiled back at me and said, "Welcome back, my dear...." I could see her tears when she hugged me, I wonder who she is? But somehow this intimacy felt like she is my wife from a very different life I have yet to know.



Clouds

At the first glance, while entering the door, I had to bow down my head a little to enter the house. Met up with a small table, I had fond memories like the ones I had when I was in kindergarten, the living room was very cramped like a little girl dream house. "But She looks all grown up to me...." Saying it while I whispered in my heart a little.

Everything in the house looks cute, even the open windows with 6 square frames on it while there is a cute flower pot on the left side of it. The whole house was very clean, there was no dust, even in the air around that place. Right beside the entrance, there was a staircase up to level one of the houses, I guess there is where her room is. Most probably a cute looking bed as well.

She made tea for me, she loves tea, but we did not drink inside of the house.... there is an open garden just next to her house after we went to the back door which was also wide open. I asked her, "Do you have visitors?" She smiled and then replied, "Only you are the only visitor I had in centuries. There must be a reason for it right?" as she winked back at me in a loving way. I gulped my saliva.... Thinking that maybe the wink is some sort of gesture of some sort, because I sort of know where this conversation is really heading to, which is love.

She has that English lady look on her face, slightly eccentric, looks that is filled with wisdom, almost so motherly and warm feelings, and her small smile that somehow help me smile back to her. Something was different about me when I was sitting there while drinking the tea that she made for me, it all started to feel all relaxed. I told her that I wanted to rest a little under the slope just nearby her house.... and before I could finish my sentence, she wanted to change her clothes before joining me. I just nodded to her request.

Laying down on the grass, while looking up in the skies above. Somehow this scenery is that I've seen before once in a long after dream, the clouds was very well cut or well designed as it moved along together with the winds, almost like intelligent clouds.

Hmm.... Strange.

The green scenery stretch as far as the eyes can see, everywhere I see there is only hill sides. I sort of miss my home, which is on the other side of this territory, but I guess now I was far away from home, now away from all my animal friends.

She then silently sat down beside me, sort of in her pyjama. "Eh, do you often sleep here?" she just blushed and said yes. Every time she almost closed her eyes or feeling drowsy, the environment changed its lighting to become darker and stars can be seen. But I noticed and assumed that since I was there with her, she only made it become dark as we can see the stars together.

She said to me, "You know right, there is perfectly nothing wrong with us being here, the two of us.... as only our creator knows what we are doing, and no one else knows about it...." I just looked at her and smile, while moving my body closer and rest my head on her laps. She played a little with my hair, like how she always does when I was asleep in my previous life. She said, "I've always loved you.... always.... loved you." He just replied with an "um.... um...." Similarly, like mumbling about something.

As I started to doze off a little, while I feel a little droplet of rain on my face, I knew she was crying. Little that I knew, my mind already travelled deep into the subconscious dream worlds.

Calmness

The Age of Calmness. An interesting name, for a really calming song that was able to bring forth an important sequence of the lost memories.

As I was trying to finalize the picture of everything right now, in my mind there is like these animals right.... but at the same time, their original body was also kept elsewhere, abstract forms. I've told you right before, that if you tried running in one direction, you will reach back to the same location. Though it may seem flat, and the skies are high.... there is also something special about the gravity in that place.

Like a miniature planet, that extends just a few hundred thousand kilometres. If you run in one direction you will reach back to the same point, and whenever you got lost.... you will reach back to the same house that you awoken in.

Immortality....

Over there, a few things have been taken away from us.... like our need for sleep, hunger and even our desires for reproduction. It seems like an eternal prison, is what I told her, is what I told Marianne. but it is not. The design of it was proof of something, for human beings like us to understand. She then asked me of how did I come into her world? I just walked to an empty space, and open up a portal with my imaginations. I warned her that, if we were to go into other plains or another dimension, our clothing will change according to the rules in the next plains.

But something was wrong with mine, its fixed for some unknown reason, or perhaps the way I see it is different on how other eyes sees me, due to the difference of environment. "Do not fear what you will see." a blur mists of

light happen in her plains, and the portal is now opened. The next stop is in my personal space, somewhere in outskirts of Sid'. It actually looks quite empty but my eyes could not see all of the creator's *kalamullah*. Some of the highest knowledge is still kept away from my reach, but I perhaps I got most of the things right.

Marianne's clothing instantly changes when she entered the portal. Marianne's was in her English clothing which was simply beautiful, but this.... this is a masterpiece, I could not lay my eyes from her. I then introduced to her to the creatures that are in my household, they were all temporary souls that were separated from their bodies. The composition of their souls, as to not being able to find a container, that will result to change into a basic life form, very similar to creatures like animals. "I guess, with this portal ability I could go back and put their souls back into their original bodies.... or do you prefer them to be like this more?" I could sense a little jealousy from her, it has been eons but I can still feel it.... even when it was removed from us. She replied, "You can put them back.... As long as you keep us in separate dimensions." That was one side effect when she entered my personal space, that you could not hide all of your hidden, even the smallest emotions. The emotions all come out, even from her.

Still, I love her calmness space better, and decided that our wedding would be held over there, rather than being here. As she took off her armoury unit, which was about 20-30 meters high, my clothing is very high in height in that Quantum space perhaps due to *al-A'laa*. That was the *Kalam* that was directly encrypted to my personal space, the highest plains and the highest clothing.... and that 'person' is also over there, somewhere in the epicentre. I do not recommend for her to disturb him, because he has important things to do at this hour, but I think if we peek at him from a very far distance, he would not be angry at us. We can invite him to our wedding, God-willingly. He does not have a house, he just stands there looking up into the skies above him for eons.... but he said there should not be anything else in his sight, as it might disturb his concentration. I believe that this personal space is His space, and I felt that I was only a visitor in that place.

Well to most people, he is a strange person. I told her that, if you looked at him, you will also see me. A much fairer person than me.... But at times, perhaps too strange for her to handle. He is different than all of us, and at the same time he is the same. "I just can't put it into words sometimes." He sometimes tells white lies, which is to avoid confusion and makes things simpler.... and that was not what he originally wished, but the objectives were still cleared somehow. Something which most creatures are unable to do. Including myself. He may look as if he is physically there, but his mind is always in elsewhere, along with his abstract body, which was pretty much physical over there. I also had mine, but we are very much separated in our school of thoughts. He is always over there, as if there were no separation with his doubles. Maybe I was also his double?

"If I explained anymore, you would not understand." as I look back at Marianne she was playing around with the chubby cat, ignoring everything that I just said. "I need to bring her back to her original body", and she replied "Oh this girl?" as she brings up while cuddling her. It's natural, that the leader of all the wives has a charming personality.... and she's petting her.... and now sleeping on her laps. Those two really get along well. The female mouse also joins in, cuddling around her. She looked really happy. So, I guess, I had to wait for a few more eons before returning their souls back.

Their bodies have memories, but they just do not have emotions.... well because they were all with me right now. It took me some time to learn that traveling ability, and an amount of prayer. The concept is similar to *Shunkan Idō*, but in a form of mist and with the use of imaginations.

There was this one part, where I was left responsible to bring down just one layer of reality but there were certain requirements needed before hand. The twin-engine system was one of them. The layers were so thin and transparent, almost like a cloth that surrounds in a distance. No eyes can see it, and touch it. Crashing realities is not my thing, because that might collapse this space with another space. We will eventually go to that, but that is still billions of years ahead of time and schedule.

At that time, further up in time after our marriage and having three boys.... and also, after returning the chubby cat's soul back, and marrying my second wife.... (and the final number is still unknown to me right now) it was time to meet someone that I had a long crush with, perhaps my super crush of all time. I had no information yet about her space, or what she does over there, but we were traveling to the final outskirts of time & space. She could not see anything. I told her it was just there. All she could see is just an empty white plain.

Shunkan Idō - Instantaneous movement, similarly like moving in another plains or dimensions or alternate realities in an instant matter. Instant is sometimes under a second, and not more than a second.

Kalamullah – Written words by our creator, while “kalam” means words. However, the actual meaning maybe is more closely similar to “beautiful words from our beloved creator”.

A Simple Sketch of Her

My younger sister, Dianna once on an afternoon slummed day, helped me to sketch on how Marianne would look like through a simple sketch method, and perhaps I will continue with my own sketch of her in my free time....

Some of the details is that, she is a few thousand years older than me, her face is euphemistically stands at the age of 20-25 years old.... a young-looking girl, that attained all of the highest knowledge, her patience and *maghfirat* is beyond imaginations, she has long straight hair, her height is just about mine, really soft spoken, loving and caring, and always accepted her fate. Even when she was all alone in the higher gardens, all by herself. She often had a small blue bird, coming by her house telling her stories from a faraway land, but the bird soon disappears when the time comes.

Her radiance, even made the other girls close to her, accepting her and was touched by her kindness and softness of her heart. She is now far away from everyone's hands, in the unknown realm of a very far away land, not known to anyone.... the serenity of it, reminds us of heaven.... but it is not heaven, for heaven is hidden from both the eyes of overseers or eyes of the human beings. The lands are on a higher plain, than the heavens.... she was there, all alone.... waiting.

Her thoughts, never waver and always focused.... that one day, my return to her will come. She was most relieved to see me, on that particular day.... like how a wise lady would hide her true emotions, only showing a little to others.

A little is enough, while looking slightly eccentric.

Maghfirat : "Protection form the inevitable harmful consequences of violating the most forgiving Laws or Commands"

960 Hours

Forty days and nights, she spent in her room making our wedding clothes.... She picked hers like an ancient nun clothing, from the early times of the *Nasranian* people, mine was a cross-mix of an Arabian robe and the Japanese Kimono. She was an excellent tailor, with determination in her eyes.

I was in charge of the proceedings, arranging of the tables and chairs, and selecting the right environment, hiring the right musical people from the heavens, she was there too, as my special guest, my elder non-blood related sister loves songs, which are from Indie English, classical mix with a little oriental tune. I didn't spoke much to anyone, just using my understanding through mind telepathy, or giving them a short note. I only speak with my wife to be, in our most private times.

The location was surrounded by pure white snow, on top of a mountain.... the proceedings were slightly a mixture between both of our cultures, in an open-air environment. We did wear the wedding clothes that she has specially made for me, but one of my special guests gave me a special armament, and the snow princess dress was given to my wife to be. "Hm, I guess we have to wear that during our vows, and later wear the custom wedding dress after we finished our vows.... I guess after the main guests leave, we can do things the way we want after all." she was okay with the idea.... little that I knew, whom was the designer of that clothing. It was a special gift, from the higher up.... it was so magisterial, while the clothes were emitting a strong wave of pure power attainment, in its highest and purest form.

A celestial nymph once wore my wife's dress before.... as her beauty has stopped gravity of the falling snow, just floats around her. But something is funny indeed about me, I only wanted my wife.... no matter how beautiful the girl is.... then when I glance at my wife to be, wearing that same snow princess

clothing.... I almost fainted seeing her purity and beauty.... but parts of me just kept me from falling down.

That is the value of her Ancient *Nasranian* knowledge inside of her.... gleaming out of her, emitting the pure original beauty, of the one that reached the highest point of knowledge attainment.

I felt very lucky and proud of her.

Memory Invocation

I had that one dream when she actually comes to me while telling me of her real name, but that was a much longer time back in the distant past. Another portion of my memories was that, the clothing style that she has worn during the days when she was alive, was almost so majestic, as if she was born from the womb of a Queen. The type of clothing that has Mesolithic designs on them, even when I just had a few seconds to see her. Even back then the Architectural and the age of people are so blessed that they lived for thousands of years.

To be honest, our separation really bothers me. Plus, she is the type that does not talk much with me, even in my dreams, where I usually met her. Because there has been no conversation, somehow my memories could not grab hold of her looks very well. Just enough to know what sort of person she is, what she's feeling at that time and along those lines.

There must be a way, to invoke more memories, I have tried many possible combinations, still they did not work. Music, Prayers, high level focus,

straining both the happiness and sadness emotions in my brain, almost everything. yet there is still nothing. I doubt magical people could help me on this one, let alone astral projection scientists. She has a way of doing things, with her knowledge. perhaps, the one that her parents had, and given down to her before leaving this earth. Living over thousands of years, while not disrupting your inner soul and thoughts, she must have gone through a complex ritual to sustain her purity, and made it almost perceptual in the process, almost gaining purity similar to an Archangel.

It made no sense, whenever I tried to approach someone else. There is an extensive turn off between us, like something in my heart tells me that person is not meant for me, and I just end up being friends with her. Not many girls had her approval, like when one of my agents told me that she had some personal discussion with her, she really pushed her away for some reason. Perhaps that girlfriend of mine, in her heart just was not as serious that I thought she was in the first place, then the Snow Princess got angry, because in the end, I was the one that is going to get hurt again. She was always the protective one.

There was a presumption that she has a slight Chinese look on her, that it was actually her face mappings could not be done with our current brain capacity, because her race already perished from this world thousands of years before. She really meets all of those girls whom have love towards me, in their dreams. She's that sort of person, always being responsive at times. Her magical knowledge is probably from Mesopotamian age-old type. Pretty much it is far more ancient than most of what the current age magic could do.

Some reasons that I could not decipher was, she was keeping away how she looks from me. Perhaps she feared, that if I suddenly met someone that looks alike to her.... I might fall in love with that person. She only wants me to know about her inner personality at first, even until now.... that is how much I know of her. She allowed the idea of a bigamy, as long as it was on separate worlds. For some reason, I had an impression that she loves to compete for my love.... and only approve girls that seriously love me, for whom I am. But I guess, she will somehow always emerge as Number #1 girl in my heart, always.

A Sleepy Morning After

This vision, was from her own eyes, when her soul flown from the vast oceans, to an island unknown to her eyes.

There were small buildings by the harbour, a small fishing town, then as forests spreads nearby were a mountain, she reached to a handmade wooden home, where I sat there sleeping all alone on my wooden chair.... she observed how I slept soundlessly and peacefully, as her eyes grew drowsy and rest her soft body on me, without waking me up... in my arms she rests her eyes... to her, that is Eden.

Vividly, when I woke up... I could feel her warm body on mine, even when only her soul is here with me. I just kept sleeping on, as I did not want to prematurely waking her up...

I then learned that when you place your mind on something, something like this just happens...

At that time, the Mei'li de ren was still a young lad, however started to learn more about what love actually means to him in that place.

Before he was able to even know about what love actually means, the lady has already found him, however the clues were life of a morning's dream to him.

It was not yet a reality.

CHAPTER II: MARIANNE'S HOUSE

Watering the Plants

As my eyes grew drowsy again, my mind pondered into a section of my memories of her...

It's been a while I have visited her, as I gave my greetings in front of her door.... there was a love shape carved on it, as you can peek through it. "Hm.... nonsensical of her....", no one answered as the door was half closed, so I went in but saw no one was around, and went to the lower cellar to see if she was working on something.... but she was not there too.... then I went back up, to her front door and I felt small tiny rain water.... and she gasp, "Oops...", as I look up to see her in the veranda while watering the plants. She hurried down, in a white maid dress as her beautiful hair was tied with a soft ribbon, holding a cute transparent watering plant container, with blue ocean water in it. (We had our little chat, but I could not remember all of what she has said to me.... but I will try to remember it anyhow.)

She said, "It has been long that you've come to see me again my dear love, has the world been keeping you busy?" while smiling to me.... "Did you missed me?" of course I answer yes, I do miss her and everything. I also ask her if she does not mind if I was with someone else on Earth, and she replied "Her name was already written on the time-line of *Mahfuz*, for anyone that loved you she will also love me, the same way how she has loved you, and I will love her the same way as how you loved her." she said confidently concerning that matter. "I have totally erased the ill feelings of a human being, before reaching to this place.

Everything that was once distorted, has all been left behind in the past." I just was in silence, while a smile in my face on how well she answered any question I gave to her. She really is, the best among the best.

The Scroll of Opportunity

The scroll " Lay deep within your mind, lies a closed scroll forbidden from your eyes to see nor feel, in there lies a secret where your fortunes are written in the most specific order. " some words that she just told to me, partly I understood what she meant by those words.

We are born with aqueduct skills to live our lives, to find happiness and striving for the best. Just that it was left hidden from us, only our heart knows of it. Until then, despair will envelope us, for the time will come when the system opens the scroll of opportunity towards whomever it wishes.

Praise to the higher One, for the creator always watch over us.

Planting Tomatoes

I had another visit to her plains again yesterday, her cute house still looks the same. It was very windy over there. She seems not to be inside of the house, so I went back outside and saw her watering some plants, as I approached her closely, she was planting tomatoes, cute little red ones. I asked her if she was bored, she said "Um.... she loves it over there, just doing the things she does every day."

She did not ask me any question at that time, because she looks very busy planting her tomatoes. I was a bit lost with her, she was the type of girl that loves that garden, and the emptiness of it. Listening to the chirping of birds in the afternoon, stargazing at nights, sleep in her bed, and repeating every single day for eternity.

Immortality, taught her the meaning of life but without the presence of the deceiver, her thoughts are very well balance and she becomes a very unique human being. She knows of all of my relationships, including the unseen ones through her stargazing ability; as she could see everything I do in her dreams when she focusses enough. She would just sit silently next by me, and keep on smiling at me....

Roof Tops

went visiting her again, this time when I approached her little house the door was slightly opened. I said my greetings, but no one answered the door. Then I heard some knocking, tap tap tap... Quite in a distant, I looked outside and just saw endless green fields of short grasses. No one was there outside, then when I go out of her home, the direction of the tap comes from above, at the roof. I walk away, trying to get a clearer sight of her from the ground and after a few meters that I've walked backwards, I managed to see her squatting on the highest rooftop with a cement spade on her left hand,

and on her right hand holding a bucket, that seems to be filled with cement. I smiled to her and gave her a morning greeting, since it was that time of day.

She replied my greeting, with a soft and cute smile and asked me to wait inside of the house while she finished up her work. I wonder how she get up there, it was at least two stories high. Then I've decided to go upstairs and find a way to see her on the roof. Her bedroom is still at the same place, but there is this ladder coming down from the roof as I can see light coming inside from the top. I climbed the ladder, into the roof buffer space, and climb outside to the roof top. She was still swiping the spade with cement, while wearing a fashion straw hat, which was in white colour. Her clothing was slightly manly, as she wore a worker's dress and is not afraid to be messy or doing something that dangerous. There were no safety cables holding onto her, as she balances her way by squatting down on the sloped down roof.

As I was popping out my head out from the roof's attic, I asked her "What are you doing?" she replied, "My roof is leaking, and I had to repair it." She looks rather busy too, almost like in her own world right now, while pasting cement on the roof top. I could see that there were some cracks on the roof top in which she was moulding back. One thing I wondered was that, this place weather does not change that much, how does she know that the roof was leaking in the first place. She then asked me of a favour, "My dear, could you please prepare tea on your own? I will join you shortly after finishing this." I replied, "Sure thing." And went downstairs to make some hot water, and while waiting for the water to be heated, I took some tea from one of her pots and placed it inside the teapot. Every time I close and open the tea container, it automatically becomes full. My eyes were like that peculiar on that, but I guess these plains is somewhat magical by its own. For some reason, she did not misuse the gift given to her, as she could just repair the roof just by saying those magical 'words' and it would all be done instantly.

After a few whiles, and the tea is ready she comes down well dressed just to see me. I admired her looks and said that she looks cute in the cardigan dress. I also asked her if she likes to have tea outside, since it was a calm day, not too hot or too cold, but just nice for us both to drink tea together.

The Higher Gardens

Hmm... while I was sitting down just a few distance steps away from her li home, she comes to me and her soft hands reached for my hair. She wants to find a tiny ladybug that has flown away from her tomato garden tries to hide in between my dark black hair. She sat down close to me, while I silently see her with a smile in my face. I really loved her.... that feeling is what I could ever share with her. How she strokes my hair with her soft hands, as I could feel the texture of her skin, soft and pure white.

After a while she rest her hair on top of my hair, as our hair was somehow bonded to each other as if it was magnetized. She was tired after repairing the roof, and the tea party we had shortly after that, plus the small breeze just made her sleepy and then she was resting her head on my shoulder behind my back. I just take a small look at her innocent face and smiled.

She drooled a little, and as I saw her saliva drops to the heavenly ground, there on the spot grew an imaginary flower.... perhaps she was dreaming at that moment, the whole green scenery changed into a garden filled with flowers for a few seconds, before it fades away.... just like that. Then the scent of the flowers stayed for a while.... she was sleeping all that while, behind my back. As an awaken person, things like this are normal for me. Perhaps my love for her is much stronger because I felt that, because somehow, I felt that she actually depends on me.

I heard her snoozed a little, but I could hear her in that very silent breezy place. Only both of us were there... miles-and-miles away, there is no one else but us both. After a while, she softly rests her body in front of me unconsciously sleeping on my laps. There is this very soft side of hers, that when I looked at her face, it gives me warmth, everlasting warmth while I pet her hair with my

hands, softly until I saw small tears in her eyes... she was totally and subconsciously asleep and at the same time knows what is going on.

I really can feel her inner feelings, that she has long for this moment for a very-very long time. I was really happy for her, that she has finally found me. It was not long ago, that she hugged me in that dream... just a few moments in the past.

I then decided to sing to her in the softest voice, the song that was once called, Moonlight. In the lowest and subtle tone ever known to mankind. The tone which she could hear it, without any problems at all, even when if I was in the other side of the Universe. While sleeping, she grasps of my white cloak, like murmuring words, saying to me that she could not continue living on without me by her side. I understand... my dear love, I understand...

Cooking food

This time I felt like surprising her, that I tried to enter her home without telling her. Well, to my amazement the doors opened themselves even when I was about to reach the front door knob. There was something about the air here, literally. She then called me in, "Make yourself at home my dear..." With a cheerful voice. I pondered on what is with the sudden change of her mood.

When I entered her house, it had this sweeten and plum scent, that I could faintly remember. "Are you cooking something?" I asked her while getting closer to her, she then turned around with an apron on her. "No no..." She said while hinting me that, I could not peek on what she was actually cooking. I really love her curious sharp eyes, always made me smile when I gaze into them.

She then asked me to make tea, so I went over at the tea counter area and took two tea cups, place the tea bags in them and poured some warm water in them. Even the water of the tea was weird in her plains, rather than the usual yellowish colour, it slowly turned into light shimmering gold, while I mixed the tea with a tablespoon.

“Ah...” She said, “Did you use the golden tea-bags?” she continued. I blinked my eyes and replied, “Yes, what is with it?”, in a plum response she replied, “I thought of saving that for an afternoon tea together...” I then walk back to the tea counter area, and found more suspicious labels on the tea bags. They were named after precious metals and for some reasons, I got hold of the gold tea bags. I wonder what the ‘Diamond’ teabag tastes like. Then I take a look back at her, but then she just smiled back at me, and then went back cooking.

After that I’ve arranged the tablecloth, and placing the teacups at the right positions, she then places what she has cooked on the table, and also place two cute looking French bread on the table. “May I have one?” I asked her politely, and she replied “Yes my dear, go on and help yourself.” We then ate the cooking that she has made, the sweet and sour taste of the tomato soup, sort of like from a loving Mother’s cooking for her loving children. It’s not that we actually needed food, but it was something that was from our past that we tend to remember even at this awakening hour.

We talked about the memories that we had linked with the tomato soup that she has made, stories from the distant past and the people in her era was very much different from mine. Each aroma from the tomato soup that she has made, recalls memories after memories as we ate it with our breads and drank it with our spoons. The tea was also inspiring, as it changes the whole environment into a much golden scenery. It probably made no sense, but there is definitely something about the special teabags in this house of hers.

The Hidden Library

I was visiting her again today after finishing a high council meeting elsewhere just made out a portal directly to her place after the event has ended. The environment seems different today in her place, as I could see she has made a small garden just near to her home. She was there in the centre of it. While sitting down in the garden, as she focuses her sight into far a distance, and she was giving a gesture of picking up a book from a shelf.

She picked up a book from thin air, and it seems quite heavy and she placed it on her laps. She kindly asked me, "Can you see it? The book?" I replied in honour of her, "Yes." But plainly I did not mean to think badly of her. I just sat beside her silently for hours, as my eyes were resting to see the scenery in that plains of hers. Somehow for some reason the environment changes, according to her current thoughts.

I believe that she is currently reading a book about ancient gardens, because I could see such gardens in a far distance, silhouettes of what seems to be lost ancient gardens. Everything that she imagined will become true in that plains of her, and it only adhere to her thoughts alone.

I asked her, "Can I see the book too?" then she chins look up to me in her eyes that was all too focused in reading that interesting book. She gave it to me, and as I hold it with my hands, the weightlessness of it was felt. What seems to be an illusion before my eyes becomes reality, as the ancient gardening book materialize itself in front of me. I then tried to read it, as much as I could as the writings were familiarly in angelic texts, all lines and lines of it.

It was not too hard to understand as there were many pictures as I flipped through the pages. The book itself does not seems to be that thick, but the more that I flipped the pages it seems to be endless. Just something that I just

did not understand, some ancient gardens were from the human age that I was familiar of it and some were actually taken from human age that was in different dimensions, like in a multi-universe form of picture book about gardens. There were architectures that was used again the highest levels of heavens too in the heavens, with descriptions of it in the picture books. The people that were in it back during those times, and of what they have been doing.

As my thoughts lingers, I sort of believe that the Holy Quran was the actual centralized scriptures that connects with all the other books written and recorded by the Angels, a book keeping done to keep the records of knowledge that spreads throughout time and space. And here she is, having full access to those books, all to herself. While I looked at her, happily reading the other books that I could not see with my own two eyes.

Her Name

After a while, when I finally got used to it. I was able to see the book shelves floating in her garden side, it was slightly in a form of a dream but at the very same time, you are able to hold it and feel the weight of it.

It wouldn't feel complete if this garden of hers was without any books, that is what I could felt. I then managed to get hold of a certain book, about a Mother that bears a child but she was without a husband. As I lost all of my previous memories, something starts to linger within my deep thoughts, and perhaps attaining back some lost memory shards of mine.

As I read that book, my eyes grew some heavenly tears for some reasons. I could not explain why, but the name of the Mother in the book was Marianne.

Suddenly a dramatic wind sort of gust away the pages of the book that I was reading, while my hair from tidy turned all messed up... "Aah... I was reading that...." I grumbled.... But then when I look at her, she was in a shocking

looking face. "Did I startle you or something, my Dear?" ... And she replied to me, "... What book were you reading just now?" and I replied back to her, "The book has no title, but it was about a Mother that has a special child...

It was quite interesting read, up until my tears fell down...." In sheer silence, I also saw translucent tears from her eyes... And for some reason, I know something was going on here.

My memories start to call forth a distant story from my previous life, but how could that be... How could that possibly be.... "That you are that young girl, named Marianne?"

Well, Marianne just kept silent, with a confused smile on her face, guess we will never know.

CHAPTER III: THE AWAKENING OF THE MEI'LI DE REN

The Winter Armored Guardian

Author's notes: This chapter tells us more about the protagonist's story, the Mei'li de ren backstory and also of his background, which is ingeniously compiled into a single chapter.

Its frosty this time around, kind of reminded me of the solace life, far up north, hidden away of the world, pure of white, serene and peaceful at nights.

Similarly, to that frozen place was where the original heart of the Mei'li de ren was planted, deep within the frozen icy frost, at the deepest level hell, the frozen world, where God has placed high temperature blooded demons like *Ifreets*, all locked in frozen stasis ice for all eternity. The Mei'li de ren original human heart, has been guarded by an Autonomous Guardian that was floating directly above from the Icy ground, while pointing his sharp edge of his *Zweihander* long sword, dipped into the thick ice, and just barely touching the tip of the Mei'li de ren's buried heart; barely touching for centuries and guarding that memorable place for the promised time to come.

Some say, that this Autonomous Guardian is a type of Angel, that bears no need for food or water, and life purpose is just to fulfil its purpose, nor it will ever budge away even for a single second. Just guarding at that place without any emotion at all.

However, there will be a time when the Guardian will need to strike his unforgiving sword deep into that heart while destroying it, however the time

has yet to come. The reason behind this was that, even if the Mei'li de ren heart is pure at its roots, at its epicentre... his heart was still covered with Darkness, that comes with endless sins that always clouds it's owner judgement, the Mei'li de ren judgements. It was on Judgement day, when the Mei'li de ren gave his physical heart to the Creator as an offering, it was as a proof that He loves him wholeheartedly, by literal means, giving his own physical heart to the creator, and He accepts it and forgives the Mei'li de ren.

The first Mei'li de ren, at that time, doe not really need his old heart, as he is equipped with an advanced artificial heart, that is powered by the cunning energy of a collapsing "black-hole". Though, the first Mei'li de ren, at that time of his life and travels, still seeks for something far stronger.... but what can that be, anything much stronger, much crueller than the collapsing black-hole?

Millions of years have passed, and the first Mei'li de ren and the Crimson Wizard had disappeared into the void world and in a predestined ancient time to come, the Angel and Demon wars started once again, it continues to spread even to the coldest areas of the universe until a certain strong, ancient looking female warrior entered into this domain upon request and noticed of the autonomous guardian and wrongly thought it was another enemy and accidentally went into a fierce battle and managed to kill it. What strong lady that was able to withstand against something that almost had an Angel strength?

She was from a known warrior clan and the bearer of her tribe; her strength was beyond imaginations. She was known by many names by her enemies, however her friends and family called her as Atria, Princess Atria.

The thing was, the arch enemy of Princess Atria has been prying on her within the shadows as she was previously fighting with that autonomous guardian, and saw an opportunity of the wounded princess and thinks it has a chance to land a crushing blow on her.

However, Princess Atria have trained thousands of years in battle experience was shown to grow instincts that is even faster than the mind's eye can ever come to. She quickly dodges the physical attack from the lurking demon whom was in an ancient looking Dark Armor.

Thing was, the sword that Princess Atria was using, was a spoil of wars that she took from an Angel, and made the sword her own in the process. It seems to have an effective damage towards that dark armoured demon.

Princess Atria, left eye was now soaking in her own blood, sweat and tears. However, she still has not lose hope in winning of this battle. The battle continued on that iced battlefield, and finally after some time Princess Atria was able to land a devastating blow towards that demon, cutting it in 7 different pieces until it could not regenerate anymore, or so she has thought?

The armoured demon died at the same spot of where the armoured guardian angel was, and both their bodies and bloods, deep red and blue are all mixed with together. Only to find out later that the original heart of the forgotten ancient Mei'li de ren that was previously sharply guarded by the Autonomous Guardian is now currently being compromised with foreign elements from both the autonomous guardian and the demon's regenerative blood.

Princess Atria did not know what was to happen at that time, perhaps some of the ancient historians would say after everything was said and done, mentions that it was the cunning creator's wish that He wishes for that situation to happen, there and then.

At the epicentre of the frozen heart which was deep in the ice, both of the angel and demon blood are now fully mixed and the demon's regenerative ability started to kick in after some time. An intense light exploded that shoots up into the skies above of where the frozen heart was, almost like an awakening of something eventful. Bright lights temporarily blinded Princess

Atria visions from the direction of the frozen heart that was still hidden in the frozen ice.

Everyone in that realm, felt a heartbeat, even Princess Atria! It was the most uneasy feelings she had. Something really bad was about to happen.

Suddenly from the heavens above rained countless spears of lights attacking on that particular same point on which the frozen heart was. Princess Atria was barely was able to see those light spears, as it comes from a different patrol of angels, then descended countless of Angels in that dark spot guided by the light pillar which is still coming out from the ground!

The heartbeat becomes erratic, almost like a cardiac arrest. The heart ate all those light spears... it using it as its own energy source. The Angels whom were observing that situation could not believe what they are seeing in their visions. They are witnessing an awakening of an exalted one, the one that cannot die.

Then the light pillar disappeared, and there stood an eerie looking person, a human-form body whom is naked and re-growing his long hair as they are continuing to observe. Both corpse of the autonomous guardian and armoured demon is now missing, and not even a single drop of blood from them both was found on that ice. His dearie eyes were half open, but it is as if he was still asleep, a coma, or simply sleep walking.

Strangest thing ever, that those whom laid eyes on him felt a certain degree of fear, the Angels, the Demons and even Princess Atria whom is now sitting on the ground and did not able to move her feet at all.

They Angels quickly coordinated and acted without any doubts in their hearts, and sent a swift attack to the direction of that person. However, they were not quick enough as the dark Armor in which the demon was previously using is now fully deployed even covering his face. Then his eyes turn dark red. Almost like an ultra-villain character.

This dark figure deployed a very powerful shield, which is made out from gravity, an invisible and cannot be penetrated even by creatures of light and dark. All the Angels that was simultaneously attacking were now on their knees. On this dark figure person left hand was “The Eye” a long-forgotten relic which was powering up an intense energy source in which was able to collapse this entire universe. There were all in a hopeless condition at that time, at the mercy of this hybrid half angel, demon and human monster. Perhaps even some of Atria’s blood was thrown into the mixture, that is why it is so strong.

The autonomous guardian angel’s blood, which was in blue colour when it was connected with the original Mei’li de ren heart has awaken the lost memories of him, through quantum activation, while most of the complex reconstructing between the regeneration protocols by the demon’s blood and also the warrior’s blood from Princess Atria.

In simple terms, he was awakened in a new body that is a hybrid of two different types of creature’s assimilation, one is from the Angels and another is from a Demon.

However, how his physical appearance images back to his original human DNA sequence which made him look like a normal human being, while at the same time, being added with more additional DNA strain that gave him the additional abilities and strength in which both creatures, the Angel and Demon possessed, which are the ultimate regeneration protocol and super strong Armor features which was sliced-in-half from both the Demon and Guardian Armor.

In which when this regeneration data request reaches our creator’s database, which is locked deep within the *lauh mahfuz*, it triggered the recreation of an Ancient Armor which is previously locked in the 4th Dimension by name of “The Eye”, that was now conveniently becomes in the possession of the secondly awakened Mei’li de ren.

This Ancient Amor was rumoured to have powers to show the “Truth” to those “The Eye” opens its eye to. Likewise, those whom have seen “The God” will be deconstructed just because witnessing his true powers. Hence it was why, “The Eye” was locked deep within the 4th Dimensional armoury, away from any creatures.

For some reason, when the second Mei’li de ren awakened, it’s because when he regenerated, and assimilated with both an Angel and Demon presence, the super system “*lauh mahfuz*” decides to give “The Eye” to the Mei’li de ren instead. This process is all automated, and perhaps God already anticipated for this to happen all along.

Author’s note: however, in this book, we do not refer to him as the second Mei’li de ren but, we refer to him simply as the Mei’li de ren.

Thank you for reading this preview of this book, from Chapter I to Chapter III. It however does not tale nor phantom the utter destruction of what is in-stored for its readers of the other chapters. You may proceed to purchase this eBook to further amuse your imaginations, for the remaining chapters. Please do enjoy!

This is a book preview for the Book of Calmness
That has now been published, you may purchase this book at Amazon.com / Lulu.com

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